NUMB. XXXI.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

—— *Teque his, Infœlix, Exue Monſtris.* OVID.

MONDAY, JULY 6. 1724.

Mr. *PLAIN DEALER*,

'I AM a young Widow-Woman, that was bred and 'born in *Wapping*; and, had 'one of the Beſt of Huſ-'bands; that was Maſter of 'as good a Ship as ever 'us'd the *Guinea-Trad*. But 'He dy'd, in his laſt Voy-'age to *England*, as he was 'bringing me Home a Great 'Elephant for a *Token*: And 'I have taken a ſtrange 'Fancy to the Beaſt, becauſe he puts me in Mind of 'my poor Husband. — Moſt of our *African-Company* 'have been to ſee him; and They All agree. There is '*More in him*, than in a whole Court of *Aſſiſtants*, put 'together.

'BUT, for all He looks ſo big, there is no Manner 'of Harm in him. He is as Tame, as one of Us, 'Women; and plays Twenty clever Tricks, to make 'People merry, that make much of him. — One coud'nt 'forbear laughing tho' one lay a Dying, to ſee, how 'the good-natur'd, clumſy, Beaſt will dance *Moll Peatly*! 'He will ſo catch up his Feet, and friſk round, in a 'ſmall Compaſs; and thump the Floor, to keep Time; 'and move his Back ſide to the Muſick! and in ſhort, 'Your other End o' the Town Dancing-Maſters, are '*No Body at all*, to him!

'HE plays at *Trap-Ball*, in a Rope-Walk, by our 'Houſe; and ſtrikes out the Ball with his Snout; and 'is the comicalleſt poor Creature alive, to be ſure! '— A Gunner, and a Man of War's Chaplain of my 'Acquaintance, are, now, very buſy, in teaching him 'to *dance upon the Ropes*; and I muſt needs ſay, He 'comes on, very towardly; only, he look'd a little 'ſilly, at firſt, and tumbled off, when they cry'd, '*Jump, for the King*; and coudn't keep ſteady, for the 'Life of him, — He cracks Nuts, with his Noſe: and 'makes a woeful Splutter, when he gets Looſe among 'the Herb-Womens Apple Baskets — All my Neigh-'bours love him; and tell me, That he will bring in 'a world of Money, if I would but *make a ſhow of 'him* — Pray, What is your Opinion? And where-'abouts, do you think, It will be beſt for me to *ſet up* 'with him? In anſwering this, you will do an Act of 'great Kindneſs, to

Your afflicted, humble Servant,

SUSAN SOFTLY.

Honourable SIR,

'OBSERVING by ſome of your *PLAIN DEALERS*, That you are a great Admirer of 'the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, I humbly preſume to acquaint 'you, That I am, lately, come out of his Country; 'and have brought with me a Commodity, call'd a '*Ruſſian Bear*. — He has ſhar'd very largely, in the 'Improvements of His Fellow Subjects; for He can 'fiddle, as well as any Body He ſits bolt up on End, and 'holds his *Kit* in one Paw, with the Butt End againſt his 'Belly; and, with his Fiddle ſtick in the other Paw, *tunes 'it away*, after the *Italian* Manner, with his Head o' one 'ſide, all in Raptures, at his own Harmony! — It wou'd 'do your Heart Good, to look at him, when he is 'ſplitting a Note into *Graces*: For he ſhakes his Noſe, 'and his Paw, together, with a ſuch a Variety of melo-'dious *Quivering*, that his *Ear* muſt be confeſs'd as '*delicate*, as if He had been a *Subſcriber* to the *Opera*.

'BUT, there is one Thing, that I take to be a 'very particular Happineſs to him! He looks, when 'he is Grave, for all the World, like That Ingenious '*Swiſs* Gentleman, that has ſo many diverting Fancies, 'to get Money, by making Ladies, and Gentlemen, 'merry together. If they were to be dreſs'd Both 'alike, I am confident there wou'd be no knowing 'em 'aſunder. May be, That may go a great Way, to-'ward making the poor Thing's Fortune. — I have 'him here in Town, but He is out of Buſineſs, at 'preſent, ſo, if You cou'd but be ſo kind as to put 'him in ſome Way of Preferment, He ſhall wait on 'You, where you pleaſe; and entertain you with a '*Sample Leſſon*: Which is all, that offers, at this Time, 'from, Honourable SIR,

Yours to command,

JONAS QUEER.

I TACK this extraordinary Pair of EPISTLES together, because of a manifeſt Reſemblance in their Contents; and, for that I am deſirous to promote a *Union* between Mrs. *SOFTLY* and Mr. *QUEER*. — Their *Beaſts*, at leaſt, if not Themſelves, muſt be ſubſcribed into a *Joint Stock*, for the better carrying on of their Trade. — They may, afterwards, debate, at Leiſure, concerning the *Incorporation* of their *Perſons*. But, certain it is, that Two Animal Artiſts, of ſuch Sagacity, as both the *African*, and the *Ruſſian* Stranger, cou'd never have honour'd *London* with their Reſidence, at a properer Time than This is: Or, with a fairer Proſpect for their own Benefit.

SOME *Statiſmen*, who look *deep* into National Conſequences; and diſcern at a Diſtance, the Fate of *Mightineſs*, and *Miniſtry*, have pretended to foreſee the ſudden Downfall of *Opera's*. — Who knows, if ſuch a melancholy Revolution ſhou'd befall the Polite World; but Theſe Two, qualify'd, Performers, may take Poſſeſſion of That deſerted Theatre; and, under the Auſpices of ſo noble, and ſo unanimous, a Board of Directors, out do, even the ſurprizing Things, which have, already, been heard, and ſeen, there!

OR, ſuppoſe, It were, *yet, a Winter*, before The *Haymarket* will be in a Condition to receive them: They cannot fail, in the mean Time, to meet with more than reaſonable Encouragement, if they but apply themſelves to the Managers, of Either of our other Theatres: In one, of which, they labour under ſuch a Want of Good Actors, that Two ſuch accompliſh'd Comedians (having the Advantage, too, of being *foreign* Ones!) may, certainly, make their own Terms, if they are inclinable to *ſtrengthen the Youngeſt Company*: Or, if Fortune, againſt her uſual Cuſtom, moſt propitious to Her O'deſt Favourites, thou'd diſpoſe their Choice another Way: They may be entertain'd, as *Friends*, and *Allies*, upon the Foot of well paid Subſidies; the Commanding Officers, of thoſe *Veterans*, entering, lately, with much Vivacity upon New Plans of Action, which fall, immediately, within the Genius of our fourfooted *Virtuoſo's*

HAVING

[Price Two Pence.]

HAVING barely touch'd this Hint for the Service of my Correſpondents, who are Perſons, of great Parts and Induſtry; I come, now, to ſay a Word or two, in my own Perſon, to the Stages.

MUCH of the Summer is, yet, before us; and *Winter*, being the Seaſon of our Theatrical Campaigning, I ſhall prepare my ſelf, againſt That Time, to take the Field, at their firſt Marching: and move, with One, or Other, of the Bodies, during the whole Courſe of their Operations. My Readers may then, expect to be entertain'd, from my private Journal, with the Good, or Bad, Diſcipline, of Both Armies: and the Perſonal Conduct of their Generals, in the Exerciſes, Evolutions, Sallies, Stratagems, or Engagements, they ſhall, at any Time, be concern'd in. — Let them therefore ſtand *warn'd*: and aſſure themſelves, That I ſhall animadvert, on their Behaviour, with a Frankneſs, they have been little us'd to; and lay 'em Open, like a *PLAIN DEALER*.

BUT, to enter on another Subject, I have receiv'd ſeveral Letters, from the Female Part of my Care, to complain of my *Odious Title*, (ſo they call it!) of *PLAIN DEALER*. — They had *heard of me, it ſeems, but did not dream I had any Thing in me. — They took my Buſineſs to have been Politicks. — They little thought me the Man they find me. — Inſtead of Humour, and Wit, they look'd for Blunderſs, and Malice, from a ſurly, old, Fellow, that was ſetting himſelf up for a Cynick*, — with a great Deal more, to the ſame Purpoſe. But One Arch Flirt, among the Reſt, is for *forcing* me to *declare* myſelf, that People may *know, what to make of me*. She is at a Loſs how to think, or what to ſay, of my Papers; and can neither *like*, nor *diſlike*, with any Manner of *Certainty* till ſhe hears, whether I am a *Whig*, or a *Tory*? — She adds, in a Poſtſcript. "That, perhaps, I may think indifferently "of *Both*, and pretend to an Impudent *Neutrality*, like "the Old Graſier, in our Civil Wars: who, when He "was met, on the Road, by Either of the oppoſite "Parties, and ask'd: *For King? Or for Parliament?* told "'em — *For Neither: 'till Both were wiſer.*

THE *Hotheads*, and *Teſtimonies*, of this preſent Generation, think it a Diſgrace to their Vivacity, not to be as briskly in the Wrong, as their Anceſtors. And I pity, very heartily, the Condition of the King's poor Subject, who has ſent me the following Letter,

Maſter PLAIN DEALER,

'I WISH you wou'd lend me but one Laſh, or two, of your *PLAIN DEALING*, for ſome Folks, 'in Red Coats, and Others, in no Coats at all: For, if 'Things go on, as they ſtand now, An Honeſt Man 'won't be able to travel the Road, *pro* and *con*, for a 'Sett of ſilly Buſy-Bodies, that muſt be medling with 'us, about Things, that we have other Matters to do, 'than to think of. For, you muſt know, Maſter '*PLAIN DEALER*, if you pleaſe, That I drive 'a peaceable Waggon, of my own; and have done ſo, 'theſe Thirty Years, without being Moleſted in my Call-'ling: till now lately, that a Pack of ſtrange People 'have got a Whim into their Heads, *to make us Engliſh-'men, All, of one Mind*: — But, if ever they bring it 'about, I will be hang'd, for 'em.

'ABOUT Six a Clock, in the Morning, on the 'Nine and Twentieth Day of May, *laſt*, I, and my Wag-'gon, were met, near a Wood Side, by a Knot, of Fif-'ty, or Sixty, roaring Fellows, ſtuck all over with 'Oaken Boughs; and loaded with Branches of the ſame.-- 'They ſtopt me, in the Road, to know, "*Whether I 'lov'd the Memory of King* Charles *the Second*. — I ſaid, '*Yes, with all my Soul*. — At That Word, they fell a 'dancing, and ſet up a loud *Huzzaing*: waving their 'Hats, and their Boughs, till my Team became fright-'ed, and took 'em all to be bewitch'd, and was within 'a Hair's Breadth of running away with my Waggon. 'Then, they handed me a Two Quart Brandy-Bottle; 'and bid me drink a Dram, *To the Glorious Me-'mory of the Reſtoration*: And, as ſoon as I had got it 'down, They gave a great Shout, again, ſtuck my 'Horſes, and my Waggon, all over with Green Boughs: 'ſaid, I was a *very Honeſt Fellow*: and had a *Heart of 'Engliſh Oak*. And, ſo, we parted, with much Cere-'mony, and Satisfaction, on both Sides.

'BUT, before Eleven, the ſame Day, as I was driv-'ing into a Town, where my VVaggon was to *Dine*, 'there came up, in a great Rage Seven or Eight of 'the Troopers, that were quarter'd there; and ask'd 'me *What I buſh'd out my Horſes for*? I told 'em, *To drive 'Flies away*: But they ſaid, I was a *Jacobite Raſcal*, — 'that my *Horſes* were guilty of *High-Treaſon*; and my 'VVaggon ought to be *hang'd*. — I anſwer'd, That it 'was already *drawn*; and within a Yard, or two, of be-'ing *Quarter'd*; but, as to being hang'd, It was a Com-'pliment, we had no Occaſion for, and therefore de-'ſir'd them to take it back again, and keep it in their 'own Hands, till they had an Opportunity to make Uſe 'of it: —I had no ſooner ſpoke theſe VVords, but they 'fell upon me, like Thunder, ſtripe my Cattle in a 'Twinkling: and beat me black and blue, with my 'own Oaken Branches.

'THIS went off, and I thought no more of it: 'till the *Tenth Day of* June *came*. I was then Inn'd in '*London*; and, from where my VVaggon lay, in *Hol-'born*, I went to *Soho-Square*, to deliver a little Parcel, 'that I had brought up, for my Landlord's Lady. — 'She order'd, That I ſhou'd have as much Strong Beer, 'as I cou'd drink, and that I ſhou'd drink a Health to '*Her Inclinations*. — She ſmil'd at me, and was ſo kind, 'as to give me, out of her own Hand, a fine *Noſegay of 'White Roſes*. I was very proud of my Noſegay, for 'my Lady's Sake, that had given it me: and went 'along the Street Smelling to it: thinking all the Way, 'as I walk'd, How pretty it looks in Your *Gentry*, to be 'ſo Free, and Good natur'd with a poor Man as I am: 'When all of a ſudden, a Scarecrow, lean, Man, in a 'fine lac'd Coat, ſnatch'd it out of my Hand, and ano-'ther Gentleman, in Red, who was along with Him, 'lent me a Cut croſs the Shoulders, with a curſed, 'ſmarting, Cane, and told me, — "That He wou'd "teach ſuch a dirty Dog, as I was, to be ſmelling to "*Tory Roſes*."

'If I cou'd have got one of theſe fine Fellows all 'alone with me, in my Waggon, I ſhou'd have made 'him *know his Driver*. — But as it was, I thought it 'beſt to ſhew him a good Pair of Heels for it. — VVhich 'of us might have *run* faſteſt, in a fair Field of Bat-'tle, I can but give a Gueſs at. — Upon this Oc-'caſion, It was *my* Luck to be nimbleſt, and out-'ſtrip Both of 'em — I don't know, for my Part, 'what to make of all theſe Doings. They are ſtrange 'Times, we live in; And as I love to be muſing, when 'I have nothing elſe to do, methinks, very often, as 'I travel along the Road, from one End of the King-'dom to another, and find the People of ſuch different 'Notions, I fancy my VVaggon and I, are moving 'upon a Draft-Board; Old *England* is turn'd *Checquer-'Work*, and mix'd Black and VVhite, all over. So, 'wishing Things wou'd mend, I reſt, *Maſter PLAIN 'DEALER*,

Your Humble Servant to Command,

RALPH DOBBYN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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